

YSA

MASSACHUSETTS SCHOOL OF ART

1935 ANNUAL



DEDICATION

The staff dedicates this book
To Miss Anna Mayhew Hathaway,
Whose quiet charm and deft artistry
Have graced this school for many years—
If these pages express in some artistic measure our
appreciation
And our esteem, we are content.



CHARLES EDWARD NEWELL

President of M.S.A.

State Director of Art Education

Has a cool precise dignity, alleviated by a disarming smile and a talent for arranging flowers with breath-taking beauty —expects the best from each student and gives his best for the welfare of the student body and the advancement of art education.

FACULTY



FREDERICK M. WILDER

Dean and Registrar

Our musical dean is also a poet, although he will not admit it; is interested in all school activities. Skeptical at times, he "understands" our excuses. Best described as a genuine good fellow.



FRANK LEONARD ALLEN

Head of Design Department

A born diplomat with a gift for coining words, talks at length upon the elements of design; has lived in the Orient and has acquired Far Eastern philosophy so that nothing appears to disturb him; is a perfect teacher with a paternal interest in the health of the class.

J. MACE ANDRESS

Psychology

Always appears as if returning from a cold, brisk, invigorating hike—is a trifle general, probably because he does not wish to be prejudiced and narrow-minded as more explicit but less intelligent people seem to be; has many opportunities for preaching but usually refrains; will draw graphs with the least provocation.



**RICHARD ANDREW**

Life Drawing and Painting, Artistic Anatomy

Because of his intense interest in his work, gets a bit more attention for a slightly longer period than other less enthusiastic instructors; seems very gruff and huffy, but did you ever listen to him rambling on after class? What a fund of anecdotes, comments, opinions, and many, many jokes with which we are all convulsed, including Mr. Andrew.

ETHEL G. BARTLETT

Elementary Drawing, Water Color Painting

Efficiently, enthusiastically, and energetically pushes around easels, chairs, Freshmen, and Sophomores; but finally places them in the right position to do justice to her lovely still-life groups; invariably frightens timid June art aptitude applicants who later realize she is kindly, friendly, and sympathetic.

**ZELLA BUCKINGHAM**

Elementary Drawing, Oil Painting

Quiet and unassuming, helps Freshmen in charcoal and oil; is a person of grace, refinement, and dignity; commands our respect and admiration.

ATHERON I. CAINElementary Drawing, Perspective, Civic Art,
Instrumental Drawing

Greets everyone with a bright cheery smile in the corridors; hates whispering; worships tracing paper overlay sheets; adores accuracy; likes titles exactly in the center; frowns upon knitting in class; would be supremely happy if we all gave him our absolute undivided attention just once.

**MURIEL COX**

Costume Design

Dashes briefly into the southern sun; gives staccato lectures packed with color, is an extremely interesting and friendly person whose life is set to the tempo of smartly clicking heels.

CYRUS E. DALLIN

Modeling

Distinguished gentleman, nationally known, calls everyone "child" in fatherly fashion as he shapes the student's lump of clay into a real nose—is one of the artists to have studied under when we are trying to make an impression.

**MARTHA M. FLINT**

Costume Design and Pattern Drafting

Has all the patience in the world; can remain perfectly calm and tell twenty people at once just how to cut and fit this and that; directs the costuming of our dramatic productions.

LUDWIG FRANK

Textile Design

Is a jolly fellow who likes to tell stories of his native Germany and to discourse on "moderne" art; likes designs which have music and rhythm; rebels against canvases which resemble the entrails of a clock; lets you paint anything so long as it has a thrill in it.





E. WILBUR DEAN HAMILTON
Still-life Painting and Composition

Tells interesting anecdotes about an interesting life; believes in eye tests, reducing glasses, and color fringes; has classes who disarrange the still-life groups of Mr. Major's pupils, and vice versa, but we do not suspect Mr. Hamilton!



ANNA M. HATHAWAY
Design, Color Harmony, Pencil Drawing

Has a poised tranquility, but beneath the surface lie fiery attitudes against all that is ungracious, gauche, and unbeautiful—teaches us the lessons of good taste and refinement not only in art but in life.



EDWIN A. HOADLEY
Design, Dynamic Symmetry, Drawing, Composition

Is good-humored, talkative, friendly, and theoretically interested in the individual; can describe anything vividly with gestures; possesses unlimited information on a variety of subjects—can give a typically American impersonation of a Hollywood Chinese.



WALTER W. JAMISON
English Composition and Literature

Gives dynamic instruction with a sulphitic air; successfully instills in the student's mind that literature is a necessary background for an artist; constantly confers with instructors about English and Art, and students' work.



ALBERT STEARNS KENDALL
Architecture

Has a sense of humor which can even enjoy certain attempts at harmonizing in class; will talk delightfully about many topics which have nothing whatever to do with architecture; puts excellent shadows on doorways for us.



BARBARA KESSEN
Costume Design

Wears ravishing creations; knows exactly what can and what cannot be done with material; can detect in an instant a seam that is not just right; is a great help to the class in solving their own clothes problems.



ERNEST L. MAJOR
Composition, Advanced Drawing and Painting

The "Old Man," is composed of dynamite, quiet chuckles, irony, and humor—makes us quake in our shoes, but we do pay homage to his instinct for beauty, to his sense of values, and, most of all, to his ability to penetrate occasionally our thick skulls and jazzy minds with an awakening appreciation for great and fine art.



LAURIN H. MARTIN
Metal Crafts

Hovers over potential Cellinis and sees that the solder holds; has a magic way with tools and materials; is a personality alive in a workshop atmosphere of hammering, sawing, filing, blue flame, the hiss of gas, and copper seared in a rainbow of colors.

**ELLA MUNSTERBERG**

Art History

Can tell us all about Europe from observation; seems to know the date and data of every historical event as well as the name of every picture and statue and the artist; adores pyramids of notebooks expressing ourselves.

LEO O'DONNELL

General Illustration, Life Drawing



Has a sense of humor which can not be bottled up when he gazes upon our feeble attempts in charcoal; is quite considerate in taking attendance late, but sometimes repeats the performance at the end of class; can be most accommodating, even to reading the British poets just before English exams.

**PHILIP PALMSTROM**

Design

Knows every phase of advertising and can tell all about the how and why of the unsympathetic world, especially the how!—announces every conference, meeting, "roast," and exhibition within a radius of ten miles—spends his valuable time in procuring gadgets at cut rates for his classes.

**ELIZABETH W. PERKINS**

Observation and Mental Training through Drawing

Smiles in her own artistic genteel way and announces confidently, "I'll ask Mr. Woodbury about that next week"; proves her point in spite of the frequently snapping film.

**OTIS PHILBRICK**

Head of Drawing and Painting Department

Quietly expresses in smooth-flowing words interesting knowledge, sparse criticisms, and on all-too rare occasions, attitudes toward life and art. Unfortunately, he has no greater opportunity or inclination to express his ideas which would be infinitely more valuable to us than our sitting around learning to draw, suffering from the lack of what he possesses, an intellect.

**LILLIAN A. PHILLIPS**

Crafts

Tirelessly explains the innumerable technicalities of crafts; is very resourceful and can be depended upon to know about anything in question; has led a very busy life, and is still an art dynamo.

**RAYMOND O. PORTER**

Head of Modeling Department

Likes to put deep gouges in our nicely smoothed attempts; is a fine artist whose best known works are "The Green Mountain Boy" and "Senator Lodge"; has a brilliant mind with a knowledge of mythology which he is glad to pass on to us; is the author of several fine pageants for the school.

**MARY M. RUGG**

Costume Advertising and Illustration

Cannot be convinced that you were so ill that it was impossible to do that assignment; will give credit to anyone furnishing an entirely original excuse; always knows the latest style news and just where you found that figure.



JOHN SHARMAN

Painting

Believes none of us will ever be able to draw, but with most incredible patience messes up our attempts at technique and forces us to grapple with concrete form and actual shape; mutters on about the shape of the eye-socket or the "action of the necktie."



FRED THOMPSON

Elementary Drawing and Designs

Has a distinct dislike for pink in all Freshman designs; can instantly squelch a whole class by showing some of his work when he was "just beginning"; seems to know the exact amount of time everyone really spends on assignments; can easily dispense with the usual pedagogic superiority.



LILAH M. VAUGHAN

Sociology

Is an interesting personality, easy-going, "absent-minded" but not forgetful, sincere, impulsive yet poised, and possessed of that disconcerting ability to know of what a person is thinking.



EFFIE B. WHITTET

Librarian, Library Methods

The efficient, capable, kindly librarian who is not buried in books but is decidedly alive, interesting, and human is a big influence in the school—supplies us with First Aid and with her well-chosen books of inspiration and reference.



AMY R. WHITTIER

Head of Teacher Training Department

With her twinkling eyes, is the ideal teacher, concerned with personalities and the individual's progressive growth to a richer life—is the school's embodiment of its educational ideals.



ISABELLA T. DAMRELL

School Secretary

Is a person whom everyone should know better because she is so kindly and well-informed.



EILEEN McMULLEN

Dean's Clerk

In spite of our inane questions and trifling business, is always cheerful and friendly—smooths the fearful road to the Dean's office.



MARGARET C. WOLAHAN

Bookkeeper, Stenographer

Is the helpful person behind the little barred window in the foyer—remains patient and unruffled during the clatter and confusion of registration day.



SENIOR CLASS

President . . . ELEANOR GERBRACH

Vice-President . . . MARIE MULGREW

Secretary . . . JUNE CHELLAND

Treasurer . . . WALTER ROBERTS

Faculty Advisors { MRS. WHITTET
{ MR. O'DONNELL

As freshmen, we wormed our way through a week of hazing into our green smocks. Order being thus established, we began to work seriously both intra and extra-curricula, hurling ourselves with especial enthusiasm into the production of "The Pirate's Daughter."

As sophomores, we thought the school ours, put unruly freshmen in their places, and continued to make our presence both heard and felt.

As juniors, our interest divided us each to his appointed corner save for historic and anatomical purposes. Nevertheless, this did not prevent our members from taking active part in many Mascart productions, in the newly founded Sketch Club, in various contests, and in sports.

Finally as seniors. . . We who formerly met at least once or twice a week in toto, this year have been brought together only by assemblies, and by our occasional social gatherings, among these our prom—a great success.

In our secluded corner of the building we sometimes find members of other departments who have come up to visit and have lost themselves amidst our forest of easels. A few have stayed long enough to sit for portraits. The costume designers we see here and there in their latest and most devastating creations, and there have been reports of prizes won by various members of the General Design section. The modeling department drops in on us from time to time when he gets lonesome downstairs.

As for the T.T.'s, our only degree earners, we scarcely see them at all, for they spend much of their time outside the building, teaching young hopefuls to express themselves, or presenting assembly programs in local public schools.

As a class, we have continued to lend our support to school activities in spite of such distractions as theses and graduation requirements. We recall with particular pleasure the mystifying magician act and the heart-stirring melodrama presented for us under the resourceful direction of Max Singer. It was stupendous.

We could wish that the great Mahax might pull a job out of his hat for each departing thirty-fiver.

Now as we set out let us sing once more together "Who's Afraid of the Big Bad Wolf?"

MARTHA BURNHAM '35.

COSTUME DESIGN



JEAN ANTHONY

Modern Priscilla masquerades in a Vogue bonnet and prettily portrays pink babies on blue blankets.



RUTH EMERSON

Slim Greek caryatid, gilded by the sun, steps from the Hellenic scene to click sharp bone knitting needles.



MARGARET GILL

Goya gypsy, of olive warmth and flashing white, laughs lazily under a southern sky.



IRENE GRACE

Earnest forest elf, bemoaning her fate, patiently labors at portentious problems.



RUTH JACOBS

Blithe mime of the laughing Cavalier attacks with gusto golden heaps of pretzels and pumpernickel.



NONA LOCKMAN

Pink-horned goatlet nimbly hops from Gertrude Stein to Gauguin and ogles a ballet skirt in Jay's window.



DOROTHY MacDONALD

Ivory Kwan-yin, splashed with magenta, languidly clasps a waxy bloom.



MARGARETHA SIMPKINS

Gainsborough lady, in pastel gauze, wreathes blue forget-me-nots on flaxen samplers.



BETTY WYNNE

Miniature modiste, delicately etches with silken stitches
silvery swallows on turquoise clouds.



WANDA ZAJAC

North maiden, bathed in glittering Arctic sunlight,
smartly splashes ink and paint on bony bejewelled
females nine heads high.

DESIGN



B is for **Beatrice Benoit**,
A meteor flashing and bright;
May her fancies and Quest,
Ne'er be suppressed;
Her future with glory delight!



B is for quick-witted **Jo Blatt**,
At home on a staff or a crew;
With vigor and skill,
She works brush and quill,
Or paddles the students' canoe.



B is for **Rosemary Bryan**,
Whose name for remembrance is known;
Her designs of rare quality,
Are tinged with her jollity,
The seeds of true friendship she's sown.



B too is for "**Betty**" **Burkes**,
Who is ever a friend indeed;
In her designs she has shown,
A strong mind of her own;
From the chains of convention freed.



C stands for **June Chelland**,
A study in soft rose and gold;
Her designs like herself,
Half angel, half elf,
Are cast in ethereal mold.



D is for **Louise Devlin**,
Who sits by herself in a corner;
She pulls forth from her pie,
Design plums quite spry;
A veritable lady Jack Horner.



C is for **Clever Ruth Cobb**,
Whose drawings grow finer and finer;
She certainly seems
To be given to dreams
Of which Larry's the only diviner.



C is for **Viola Crouch**,
To whom I propose a toast;
For a lady so tiny,
Her future is shiny;
May she ever remain—uppermost!



D is for **Priscilla Dyer**,
Unlike the Priscilla of old;
So quiet is she,
I'm at a loss, as you see,
For her conquests and aims are not told.



E is for **Rita English**,
An often disturbing young miss;
Her designs though harmonious,
Art oft' lacrimonious;
And "magenta" she uses with bliss.



G is for **Eleanor Gerbrach**,
Ingenuous, but ever discreet;
For four years she has charmed us,
At times, quite alarmed us;
A more lovable girl one can't meet.



G is for **Master James Green**,
Whose secret desire I've been told;
Is a red leather chair,
To which he'll repair;
And think of designs to be sold.



G is for **Helena Gronche**,
Who knows all about operas and dogs;
Her interest biologic,
And speech pedagogic;
Her listening public befogs.



H is for **Belle Hershkovitz**,
By whom we never are bored;
Like Puck she astounds us,
With laughter surrounds us;
From gloom to high spirits restored.



H is for **Mary J. Hill**,
Wiser by far than an owl;
She listens to jokes
Of more frivolous folks,
With never so much as a growl.



H, too, is for **Miss Eunice Hood**,
Ruled by inherent good taste;
For hours she muses,
Ere colors she chooses,
Knowing the folly of haste.



O is for **Ruth O'Connell**,
A naiad Rossetti once drew;
With a heart full of hope,
She gives fancy free scope;
A modernist, vivid and true.



R is for **Walter Roberts**,
Whose modern designs we think;
Abstract, esoteric,
Symbolic, hysterical—
Drive conventional-minded to drink.



S is for **Eleanor Sanborn**,
An earnest exponent of Art;
She knows how to work,
When other folk shirk;
And her drawings are straight from the heart.



S stands for **Master Max Singer**,
Our champion punster and clown;
His humor though keen,
Lacks malice and spleen,
Hence his scholastic renown.



W is for **Phyllis Wild**,
Whose forte is lettering by hand;
Her classmates she vexes,
With o's and with x's,
That everyone misunderstands.



W means **Dorothy Wiles**,
A lady with dimples replete;
A worker of skill,
With full measure of WILL,
Devoid of untoward conceit.



W is for **Claire Wynot**,
A popular willowy lass;
 Her designs often rare,
 Are drawn with great care;
And never unfinished or crass.



DRAWING AND PAINTING

GUNAIRENA ASBERG

Guna never knowing whether she is going to frame class till the last minute is so hard on people who want rides. Off in a corner, Guna discusses week-end plans with Mary. By the way, doesn't Guna remind you of Mona Lisa?



JOSEPH DONOVAN BARRET

Joe, when he is not rushing off to do stained glass windows, or to help the juniors distinguish the flexor capi ulnaris and the something or other brachialis, enjoys nothing more than a good talk on Celtic poetry and mythology.



NEVARTTE BEDROSSIAN

Here comes Nevartte in bright green sweater all set to be an appreciative audience for local wit, to have a serious discussion on this or that, or to do one of her Mancini-like pastels. She is rather like a Mancini painting herself.



MARTHA SULLIVAN BURNHAM

She has a whimsical humor which goes deep and appreciates subtleties, and a fund of information on any subject. Martha can find the flaw in any argument; and she is generous with her help. We expect that some day her big hobby, photography, will draw her wagon.



LUCILE C. CARLISLE

Lou is full of enthusiasm and resourcefulness. She can tell you how to take a yard of this and a yard of that and create the season's sensation. Lou, making pastels, has found herself.



CHESLIE WILLIAM D'ANDREA

Chet paints broadly, sometimes suggestive of Leyendecker. He has achieved fame through a pair of old shoes, his Pierrot portrayals, and his puns. "It must have been something I ate." Salami, perhaps?



CHARLES DEMETROPOLOS

Charlie has played the villain twice; but when he takes off his false mustache, he really can paint. His new word of the week is always very, very choice. He should have no trouble keeping the big bad wolf from the door.

LUCY HELEN GAZARIAN

"Lost, one set of keys!" Finder please return to Lucy; they're usually hers. The smaller the drawing, the greater difference a quarter of an inch makes! When Lucy wants to be dignified, she puts on two-inch heels.



LUCILLE MELINA MARCOTTE

Lou has the magic touch of making and keeping friends, plus an even temperament we envy. She is an industrious worker, and does she get results!



MARIE FRANCES MULGREW

Marie may have a hard time choosing between painting and the stage. In the many parts she has played, she has always given a sincere and convincing portrayal. But can we say less of her paintings?



LAURA RITA PIGNANELLI

"Chet, have you got a sandwich? I'm hungry."—Laura's paintings and pastels are alive with rich color and golden tones. "Pas mal—keep up the good work, daughter."



TEACHER TRAINING

RUTH CHALMERS

"Her voice was ever soft,
Gentle, and low, an excellent thing in woman."
The one and only impersonator!
Listen—and you will gain a wealth of valuable information, many hours of mirthful entertainment, and a true friend.



EDITH CHASE

"Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together."
A dainty, sensitive, elfish creature enriching our lives with her own quiet happiness. Embodied her own personality in her puppet, Christopher Robin. It is hard to connect her with horses, but just ask her about them and then—whoo Edith!



CLAIRE COOK

"Profound sincerity is the only basis of talent,
as of character."
She's sincerity, enthusiasm, and spontaneity rolled into one. She either likes a thing very emphatically or dislikes it still more emphatically. Angus, archery, acorn buttons, ice skating, scouts, and scarlet sweaters—all mean Cookie!



GERTRUDE DODD

She is so quiet we hardly realize she is with us; but when she is gone, she is very much missed. Her interest and work in the sorority has made her especially popular. Her enthusiasm for decorative bookbinding is sure to bring her success.





SAMUEL GOLDRING

"He started to sing as he tackled the thing
That couldn't be done, and he did it."

A brief case, a notebook (four years in one), pencils, scribbling poetry, a bit of papier mache, an argument, questions, puns, and jokes equal Sammy. An all-round good fellow, a good friend (though a Scotch one), but we like him a lot. Ask Ruth, she knows.



HERBERT HOSMER, JUNIOR

A Huge masculine person with dainty tastes, notebooks with ribbons, assignments with cherubs—oh, Pygmalion! A Greek god—grand dramatic ability—sincere.



RUTH HUNTER

"My heart is like the ocean
With storm and ebb and flow—
And many a pearly treasure
Burns in the depths below."

Glints of gold and silver that shine from the depths of a calm blue woodland lake reflecting the strength of snow-capped mountains.



JAMES KENNEY

"He adorned whatever subject he either wrote or
spoke upon, by the most splendid eloquence."

Music, education, psychology of adolescence, clothes, speeches, blue greens, and red violets equal Jimmy. Intellectual, sophisticated, and spontaneous, brimming with business. Success and happiness, pal!



ALMA KITT

"For her heart is in her work, and the heart
giveth grace to every art."

Her sincerity, enthusiasm, and love for her work with children cannot fail to bring her success.



KATHERINE MORTON

Great brown eyes and Titian hair,
A faint and gentle voice,
A dainty charm, a timid choice.

Kay is a tiny, feather-like person held down to earth with huge bracelets and rings.



ROSLIE MURPHY

"Rolly—polly Rosie"

A giggle once heard is never to be forgotten. An eloquent speaker, a good worker, she is cooperative and full of fun.



JANICE NEWTON

A tall, slender, beautiful birch bending slowly and silently with the breeze of influence. A soft and gentle reply when spoken to or a low gurgling giggle. Curious and beautiful old jewels adorn tapering artistic hands. Two interests—Mann and movies.

DOMINICA STURNILO

A flashing pearly smile, twinkling brown eyes, a bit of humor, and a giggle tell us that Minnie is near. A tiny person continually wrestling with torsos, arms, legs, feet, hands, portraits, but, mostly, muscles.



PHYLLIS WALES

A dainty lady who has just stepped from a page of *Vogue*. Prim and petite, devoted to children and children's literature, it is a refreshing pleasure to be near Phyl and to listen to her talk. She is a sympathetic, whole-hearted, and well-wishing listener, and, above all, a true friend.



VIRGINIA WHEELER

"Patience is a high virtue, certain,
For it vanquisheth, as this clerk seyn,
Things that rigour should never attain."

A quiet, sweet, and friendly person, born to a classroom. A good listener and a keen observer.



DOROTHY WHITE

"There are moments when silence, prolong'd and
unbroken,

More expressive may be than all words ever spoken."

Dot never speaks a word unnecessarily, for she is very modest, shy, and retiring; but when she does speak, she gives her listeners a wealth of information and enjoyment.



HELEN WROBLINSKI

"All kin' o' smily 'round the lips,
An' teary 'round the lashes."

Give a rose the right atmosphere and it will bloom in glory, and once seen will never be forgotten and will always be enjoyed. Quiet, calm, modest, and sincere is Helen of Teacher Training.



MODELING

GEORGE McKENNA

Don't cry pappy, yo' can raise the mo'gage makin' bas relief portraits. Maybe George spends his time downstairs out-Phidiassing Praxiteles, but judging from the floor after he comes up to visit, he still has feet of clay.



DRAWING AND PAINTING

JAMES POWERS LEMP

Water color landscapes are his business; red-orange, green, and purple, his pet colors. His favorite diversion is heated arguments about practically anything, and he is still looking for a red-headed woman with green eyes.

DESIGN

L is for Alexander Levitt,
Who puts forth his views by the score;
His speeches are long,
And his arguments strong;
His reasoning sound to the core.





COSTUME DESIGN

DORIS LISS

Persian disciple of Laurencin, with irreverent enthusiasm, paints sloe-eyed creatures on three column layouts.

TEACHER TRAINING

GORDON CLERKE

"the play's the **thing**."

Mascart, Mascart, and more Mascart! Born to the drama with the unquenchable thirst for grease paint and footlights. When not on stage or backstage, he is out watercoloring.

LAWRENCE KUPFERMAN

Never in school before ten o'clock, never stops his sketching, always ready for comments and compliments and a chance to express himself. The two greatest things in his life are Ruthie and etching.

LESTER MYERS

Strong, virile, dynamic, and bombastic. A grand basso profundo that blasts forth at surprising and unexpected moments. Much interested in the drama and stage; constantly quoting and reciting much to the displeasure and annoyance of his classmates.



NONA LOCKMANN

Le Ballet Russe

They stand or kneel in simple grace,
Then sway in air like silken feathers
That move with a music of light wind;
They bow low and touch earth,
Then lift their pointed feet—and leap
Like long curved fawns, like straight thrust swords,
Like Life surging, roused, awake!
They mingle, touch, and withdraw,—
Or with a startled flutter as of spread wings
They turn and twist and twirl to a new ecstatic rhythm;
And the vivid silence of the Dance speaks!

BEATRICE COHEN '36.



JUNIOR CLASS

President	STANLEY COOK
Vice-President	MARGARET SNOW
Secretary	MARION GREEN
Treasurer	MARY MURDOCK
Faculty Advisors	{ MISS COX { MR. ALLEN

At the beginning of the year, the Juniors evidenced a distinct change in their "attitude"; they were no longer carefree and casual except, of course, that incomparable Disney character, Carmelita. However, the Juniors proved that they had not forgotten their gayer days by presenting at the Christmas party an operetta in which Dorothy Hallberg, Nathan Kredenser, and a distinguished cast, including the moth-eaten water-color

UNDERCLASSES ORGANIZATIONS

standby, Cher Ami, displayed in drama and song, rare and hitherto-hidden talents.

This year marked a division into five congenial groups. The Drawing and Painting people found a new course in Graphic Arts, and their abilities promise Rembrandt results with the variety of media the new subject includes. The work of these Juniors occupied a large area in the Sketch Club exhibit and was even praised by Mr. Major.

The Designers' first term was a chaos, with the Old North Church rising above oceans of peppers and Franklin Park fenced in by elegant powder boxes. But after recovering from their first terror of Miss MacDonald, the contented "little slaves" bade a sad farewell to their inspiring "driver" when she deserted them for greater and more important problems in Paris. However, the new director of the Design Department, Mr. Allen, and the newest faculty member, Mr. Palmstrom, atoned for the loss. The class was so successfully introduced to commercial competition that its members won a goodly share of the prizes and honors in designing battery boxes for the Hood Rubber Company, window displays for the New England Leather Findings Association, and trucks for the Commercial Brewing Company.

The Costume Designers became so enthusiastic over their course that they all sprouted Hellenic bangs, except Kenneth, who already had a modified version. In fact, they were so effervescent in life-classes they evoked long and insistent pounding from the angels. The costuming of the Christmas pageant is to their credit, for when, my sweets, in your long association with kings, have you ever seen a more elegant robe than the one worn by Bill Rowan and for which at least fifty Gordon Clerke rabbits relinquished their treasured hides and Raymond's Bargain Basement ten yards of upholstery velvet.

Have the Modellers and Teacher Trainers been forgotten? Not at all. The former trio worked steadily and unobtrusively and finished many meritorious pieces. The latter group, in its teaching practice, left its ineradicable mark on the minds of eastern Massachusetts school children.

MARGARET SNOW '36.



SOPHOMORE CLASS

President	DOMINICK SEVERINO
Vice-President	HARRIETTE SMITH
Secretary	DOROTHEA DAY
Treasurer	STUART HODGE
Faculty Advisors . . .	{ MISS BARTLETT MR. THOMPSON

The Sophomores, in the role of Inquisitors, decreed garters for male socks, hair ribbons for male heads, and umbrellas for everyone in the Freshman Class. Smock Day, however, terminated the initiation and incorporated the new class in the student body.

The dividing of the Bunnies into various departments was both pleasurable and sad. The latter, because old friends were separated; the former, because those whose interests were the same, were united. The Teacher Trainers progressed under the stimulus of fragrant moist glue, settlement classes, and pink-ribboned notebooks; the Designers often worked until sun-rise under the spell of block prints, historic motifs, and textile patterns; the Drawers and Painters, it is sufficient to say, were learning to "Major." The programs of all divisions included the "tu-whit" and "tu-whoo" of introverts and extroverts; furniture notebooks and the necessary journeys to the Museum of Fine Arts; Cimabue, Giotto, Fra Lippo Lippi, Fra Angelico, and Andrea del Sarto; Stoicism, Epicureanism, and Idealism; "Epipsychedion," "The Sensitive Plant," "Caliban on Setebos," the Pot of Basil and why it grew so well; and conventional shades and shadows.

G. STUART HODGE '37.



FRESHMAN CLASS

President	Donald Moss
Vice-President . . .	Elizabeth Balcom
Secretary	Claire Wells
Treasurer	Lou Glassman
Faculty Advisors .	{ Miss Munsterberg Mr. Hoadley

The mystifying, inspiringly new materials on which we so promiscuously squandered our substance in September are worn, broken, lost, or quite used up. Only the strong fundamentals remain intact—drawing board, folio, brushes, and palette. Our impressions, formed hastily in the bewilderment and confusion of the first dazzling week, have undergone a like change. To some extent, we have realized that beneath the superficial gaiety lie permanent qualities and a worth-while purpose. Three years lie before us. Equipped with more definite objectives and ideals, and the knowledge of how little we know, we set out with courage—and much whistling.

The number of Freshman honors, to date, is exceedingly small. No deed of import looms large upon the almost spotless expanse of the Freshman ledger. We endured in undistinguished stoicism the traditional ordeal of Freshman Week and retaliated in some measure with the exquisite agony of a blushing and quite unprepared assembly which consisted largely of a barrage of brilliant repartee—artists and audience alike participating. Then came Smock Day, Initiation, speeches, a trembling rendition of the Song, and the smocks—"they shall be green in our memory forever"!

Upon the first Tuesday in November we held our election. The dubious honors were awarded to: Donald Moss, President; Elizabeth Balcom, Vice-President; Claire Wells, Secretary; and Lou Glassman, Treasurer. We say "dubious" because, sad to relate, these august officials have never yet succeeded in taming the playful ardor of the Persian colts to the extent that they will sit calmly during fifteen minutes of formal meeting. Jerry Paul, Virginia Major, and Donald Moss took part in the first Mascot production this year, "The Sire de Maleroit's Door". We all took part in the Christmas spread and enjoyed it to the hilt. On February 6 the freshman "Nightmares of '38" was produced in honor of Mrs. Whittet's birthday. The show was written and directed by Joan Drew and Donald Moss. The prologue was by Constance Lambert.

The class of '38 feels a deep and sincere gratitude to the whole school for the welcome accorded us. We particularly appreciate the comradely fashion in which the Senior advisors have taken us in hand, offering advice and companionship. One year is too short a time to enjoy their friendship, for graduation looms very near; but we hope to prove to the faculty our appreciation for their friendly guidance, inspiration, and encouragement.

ELIZABETH BALCOM '38.



STUDENT ASSOCIATION

President	JOSEPHINE BLATT
Vice-President	RICHARD BRIGGS
Secretaries	{ VIOLA CROUCH RUTH COBB
Treasurer	JAMES GREEN
Faculty Advisors	{ MISS WHITTIER MR. PORTER

The Student Association reports a successful year in promoting the social unity of the student body by extra-curricular activities.

The Association tried to make its assembly meetings more interesting than ever before by the introduction of as much school talent as possible. It claims the humble distinction of having discovered for posterity Max Singer and his remarkable company of entertainers, and of having exposed talents number seventy-eight and seventy-nine of Michel Gariepy. (We have to admit that the first seventy-seven talents had been discovered before we came along.)

At another meeting we arranged to have the famous actor of the Group Theatre, Morris Carnovsky, interpret a scene from Shakespeare's "Richard the Third," a treat which was received with much enthusiasm by the school. Still more unusual programs are being planned as this statement is offered.

The Freshmen in the school (ponies, to the rest of us) were greeted by an enjoyable open house and Freshman week. The smock day ceremonies which followed later were accompanied by the traditional rites and the even more traditional cider and doughnuts.

The handbook, under the able direction of Richard Briggs, vice-president of the Association, beat its own record and was ready several days earlier than in former years.

The Christmas Spread this year was held in three rooms, with individual entertainment and decoration in each. Donald Moss, Freshman president, "toastmastered" an unusual floor show in the main lunchroom. The Junior class prepared for the occasion a very clever operetta, starring the tender and innocent pawn, Dottie "Dingleberg" Hallberg. And the Senior class dined in state, surrounded by epoch-making murals (cherubs by "Diego" Gerbrach) and entertained by master-of-ceremonies, Max Singer.

A theatre party evening was arranged for "Gold Eagle Guy," presented by the Group Theatre, and the forty students who went were given the special privilege of going "back-stage" after the show.

The school outing is still in the future.

It is the opinion of this writer that the Student Association in this school has possibilities of unlimited development in view of the spirit of helpfulness and geniality which exists in the student body. And there is no doubt that a student organization should be a large factor in this or any school, since out of the student body come new ideas, youthful enthusiasm, and a definite and important support of everything which proceeds in the school.

JOSEPHINE BLATT '35.

YEAR BOOK

Editor-in-Chief	LOUIS CARY	Junior Editors	BARBARA NICOLAI EDITH LEONARD BEATRICE COHEN
Senior Editors	MARThA BURNHAM RUTH HUNTER IRENE GRACE HELENA GRONCHE MAX SINGER	Sophomore Editor	STUART HODGE
Faculty Advisors		Freshman Editor	ELIZABETH BALCOM
		{ MR. ALLEN MR. JAMISON MR. PHILBRICK MR. PALMSTROM	





MASCART THEATRE

The Mascart Theatre continues to be one of the most interesting and worthwhile clubs of the school. Membership affords a glorious opportunity to improve one's knowledge of drama, costuming, lighting, stage managing, and directing.

The Senior Directors of 1935 are: Gordon Clerke, Chairman, Marie Mulgrew, and Lester Myers; the Junior Directors, Evelyn Fenton, Irma Hughes, and Anthony Iarobino. The board is ably supervised by Miss Flint and Mr. O'Donnell of the Faculty.

For the Christmas entertainment, we presented a Christmas Mystery Play written by Mr. Porter, a story of the Crusaders and the Grail. The play was under the supervision of Mr. Porter and the Senior Directors; the effective and impressive costuming was directed by Miss Flint. The pageant was also given for a public evening performance; and in spite of the unusually bad weather, an appreciative audience filled the theatre.

A public performance of the three plays was given the evening of February 20. The plays were directed as follows: "Beauty and the Jacobin" by Marie Mulgrew, "The Valiant" by the Junior Directors, "A Marriage Proposal" by Lester Myers. At this writing plans are being made for a three-act play to be given in the spring.

IRMA HUGHES '36.



STRING ENSEMBLE

The ensemble has a two-fold program: to provide concert music for assemblies and conventions, and to furnish incidental music for pageants, plays, and other school productions. During the year we have joined in the presentation of the pageant given to the incoming freshman, the Christmas play, and a repetition of the freshman pageant of last year. This was given for the benefit of the State Art Supervisors Convention. We have also performed parts of Joseph Haydn's second symphony at various assemblies.

By invitation of the State Board of Education we presented a program of concert music at the state conference of school supervisors at Bridgewater in April.

A new addition to our library is Mozarts' "Kleine Nachtmusik," in four movements, and a set of variations on the "Austrian National Hymn" (the tune of our school song) by Haydn.

This varied program has given us much valuable experience in playing all types of orchestral music and, incidentally, a great deal of enjoyment in working together.

We hope to continue with an ever-increasing repertoire and an augmented membership.

Viola
Dorothy Knott

Cello
Mary Hill

First Violins
Dorcas O'Neil
Eleanor Dow

Second Violins
Winifred Healey
Stanley Cook

Flute
Christina Meade

Piano
Michel Gariepy, Director

MICHEL GARIEPY.

GLEE CLUB

Every Tuesday afternoon a group of enthusiastic singers lay aside their paint brushes and smocks and gather in the assembly hall where, under the magic wand of Mr. Gordon S. Brown, the scene changes to a "Persian Market," to some English "Country Gardens," to a "Green Cathedral," or to many other realms of fancy.

The Glee Club has been fortunate to have Mr. Brown as director. He is an organ recitalist and teacher of voice, pianoforte, harmony and counterpoint, as well as a choral director. A native of England, he received his education in London and Vienna, and among his many European positions was music master at the Hereford Cathedral School and Harley College for Girls, organist and choir master at Hereford Cathedral, acting organist at Chapel Royal in London, accompanist for ten years for the National Eisteddfords of Wales, has directed many choral societies, has played before Royalty, and given recitals in France, Germany, Austria, England and Canada, as well as in the United States.

The members of the club wish to emphasize their leader's achievements so that all who love to sing may know that there is available a competent and inspiring leader of unusually rich experience.

The Glee Club has devoted part of its appropriation this year to the beginning of a music library, which already contains many fine selections.

On December 12 they sang in the School Assembly, "Allah's Holiday" and a carol, "Good Christian Men, Rejoice." They also assisted in the music for the Christmas Pageant on December 19, and on March 13 the Glee Club was in charge of the assembly program.

MARJORIE CARR '36.





SKETCH CLUB

Every other Friday afternoon at the sound of the three o'clock bell, the members of the sketch club met in Mr. Philbrick's studio. There, it is agreed, the most pleasantly informal meetings of the school were held. Mr. Philbrick criticized pointedly and constructively the efforts of each and selected the best work for exhibition. At these private showings, Mr. Ryan, that foremost exponent of the new "Midsummer Night's Dream" school of painting, displayed his startling portraits. Unfortunately, these singular paintings, and others as singular, because of the school's conservatism, were not presented to the view of non-members who kept close watch of the clubs display board and who held many heated discussions as to the merit of each sketch.

The fortnightly exhibition was almost certain to include a distinctive water-color by Warren Spaulding, one of Charles Demetropoulos' tranquil evening skies, a rich and rugged street scene by James Lemp, or a sensitive crayon or pastel drawing of Ethel or Marion Green.

NATHAN KREDENSER '36.



POETRY CLUB

A few months ago the Poetry Club appeared, no one knows just exactly when. This shy beginning was fostered by Miss Munsterberg who willingly assented to be the adviser. The two worried Freshmen who went to her are Helen Nordin and Joan Drew. Their feeling of apprehension changed to one of gratification at the club's growth from five to eighteen members.

This is truly the club for an artist to join. Each member is invited and encouraged to write poetry every week. A subject is selected more or less at random—each member offers a suggestion for a topic, and it is then voted upon. After deciding upon the subject and title, they discuss different methods of treating it. For instance, some interesting results were obtained from the "Duet" title selected one week. One member chose to have her poem read as a duet, another wrote of personalities forming a duet, and still another expressed the harmonious qualities necessary in a duet in phenomena of nature. They have found not only a variety in the form of poetry in the club, but a group of real thinkers. Some prefer to rhyme their lines in metered form, following the modern quatrain or sonnet method, but there is one ambitious author writing in the style of the ancient Goths. Then there follow many styles of free-verse, extreme and modified.

All poems are read and criticized by the members. Although there is no one of great authority on poetry in the Club, criticisms are fair and unbiased. Occasionally, we endeavor to have outsiders read, speak, or criticize. Our first reader was Mr. O'Donnell, whose reading was genuinely appreciated by everyone.

The fact that the Poetry Club has eighteen members indicates that there must be other timid literary persons in our midst. The club invites you to join its meetings next September.

HELEN NORDIN '38.

FOOTBALL

The school had a real football team this year! Not only did it succeed in winning the Art School Championship of Greater Boston, but to out-vie Yale and to lessen the monotony of gaining this title year after year, the team arranged a suicide schedule which included some of the stiffer "collegiate competition."

Coach Dominis, despite the scarcity of seasoned veterans with whom to start, produced a hard-working, hard-fighting eleven. The schedule and line-up follow:

M.S.A.—Museum	24- 0
M.S.A.—College of Pharmacy	2- 0
M.S.A.—Sigma Nu, St. John's Prep.	0- 7
M.S.A.—"M" Club	12- 0
M.S.A.—B.U. Liberal Arts	0- 6
M.S.A.—Arlington	0-12

Max Singer (capt.)—F.B.	Irving Smith—C.
Bernard Burroughs—Q.B.	"Dave" Stearns—C.
Anthony Iarobino—L.H.B.	"Pat" Patten—L. T.
Donald Moss—R.H.B.	"Clarry" Doore—L.G.
Cheslie D'Andrea—R.E.	"Flash" Packer—L.E.
John Shelley—R.T.	Byron Bristol—L.G.
"Dick" Cobb—R.G.	Leo Ryan—L. T.

John Mosgofian—third team and waterboy.

MAX SINGER '35.





MAGIC CLUB

In September, hosts of new members stirred the shrouded depths of the club's sequestered haunt as they gathered to quaff that enchanted potion, lemonade. The supply dwindled long before everyone had been served; but the shortage was unnoticed when our guiding wizard, Mr. Hoadley, abetted by some of the more dextrous sorcerers, fascinated the initiates with legerdemains.

The large attendance continued at subsequent meetings when Mr. Hoadley explained the mysteries of the black art and helped the aspiring Thurstons in their practice.

This long preparation is to culminate on April 3 in the club's assembly.

EVELYN FENTON '36.



COSTUME DESIGN

FATES OF THE FASHIONISTS

A snowy February afternoon in 1940 is the time of our story, snowy because it's just got to be cold enough for our "married-a-millionaire" to wear her elegantest mink coat. The scene is the little rose-covered (in summer) cottage of Mrs. _____, whom you'll remember as Irene Grace back in the dear old days. Irene is busily hushing her little family, slicing crusts off the tea sandwiches, and hanging the new curtains. "For my class reunion," hums Irene, "good old Costume Design."

The last crust is cut, the last tot hushed, and the last curtain hung when the door bell rings; tot number one rushes to the door and ushers in four snow-covered ladies carrying four snow-covered portfolios. As Irene relieves them of their appendants, they explain in apologetic voices, that after four years of carrying portfolios night and day, they find the portfolio arm useless without its load. "And that's how it is," they say, "that's how it is." The snow melts off these fair creatures sufficiently for us to recognize our old friends, Jean Anthony, Ruth Jacob, Peggy Gill, and Dotty Burton. But Jean is no longer Anthony, she's happy Mrs. Bill, and Ruth is no longer Jacob, she's ditto happy Mrs. _____, and Peggy is no longer lazy, she is a Sub-Deb designer par excellence, and her partner is Dotty who is still Dotty Burton.





Again the door swings wide to admit more snow and four more Vogue Venerators. Ah! It's Wanda, wearing her school-marm glasses and flourishing her pupils' latest batch of designs, and Dorothy McDonald, Ruth Emerson, and Betty Wynne who flourish their pin-pricked fingers, the little scamps, or rather, Stitchers, and sit on the sofa tailor-fashion.

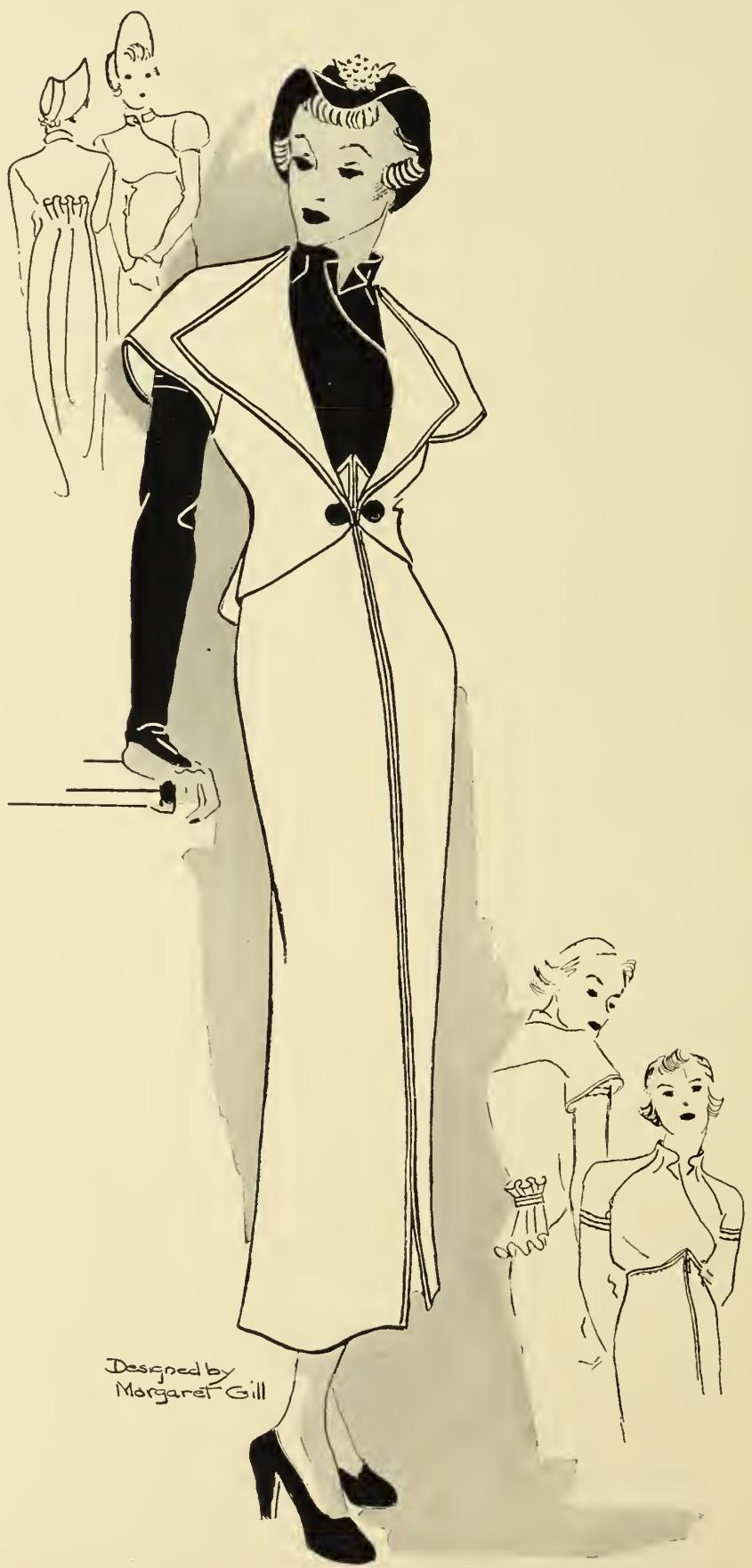
Hardly have the girlish hugs and greetings been exchanged when the third knock is heard. Who is this? None other than your old cohort, Doris G., just come down on the 20th Century from the big city and Gimbel's Basement, where she slaves from dawn to dusk, dreaming of Marie Laurencin and drawing play-pens and percolators, refrigerators and rompers.

"Mama, somebody's coming," cries Reginald as a big pink Rolls Royce slithers to a stop before the front door. "Yes, yes," echo Egbert and Egbertina, the twins, "it's a lady." The LADY swishes in, scenting the air with Nuit de Noel and six orchids, doffs her elegant mink coat amid a great clanking of diamond bracelets, and shrieks, "I'm Nona, good old high-style Nona."

"And in high time for tea," says Irene, as the curtains go down (after Irene had so carefully hung them up) to the twittering laughter of the terrible twelve from the Costume Design.

DORIS G. LISS '35.





Designed by
Margaret Gill



*Designed by Irene Goldstein
Illustrated by Rita Macdonald*





DESIGN

HOW many of us, as prospective designers, have stopped to consider the myriad opportunities for design, that is, other than the obvious advertising design which we meet daily? There are innumerable ways in which our training may be put to use.

Think of designing costumes and settings for such glamorous spectacles as grand opera, to say nothing of the lighter forms of musical entertainment, revues, plays, and the like. These fields of endeavor are not stressed in our school curriculum, to be sure, but there is no reason why, with our training and inherent love of the beautiful, we cannot qualify in this branch of art. If grand opera is to live, as a form of entertainment of the highest order, it must be revised in the matter of settings and costumes. What splendid opportunity this offers the designer with a vivid imagination and a knowledge of music and drama. With our knowledge of the arts, we should be able to design stage accessories of the highest order. Our creations should be capable of transforming an ineffably dull production into one of spiritual grandeur and beauty. Good design can lift poor acting, indifferent characterization, and mediocre music to the heights of artistic achievement.

In the field of stagecraft there are other opportunities for the designer. A Period Director! Never heard of one? A word of explanation is not amiss. Simply stated, a Period Director is a person who is necessary to the opera, musical comedy, motion picture, and similar production. Producers are beginning to realize his worth. This person assumes responsibility for all details of dress and decor, and welds the entire production into a perfect whole. It is his duty to see that the setting of the play or opera is created and carried out convincingly. The individuality of each character, the interior decoration, the costuming; all are in his hand. What a glorious opportunity for us! With the background of good taste and culture which is ours, we ought to be successful in this field, too.

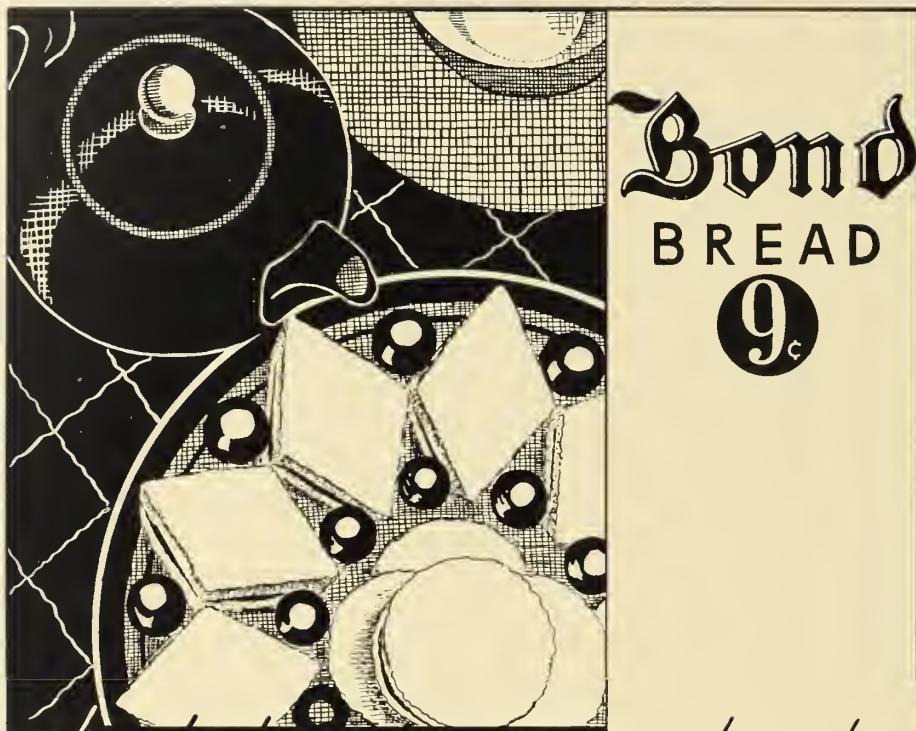
Then there are the movies! We must admit that, as a means of entertainment, the movies have their place. There are many things to be said for and against the motion picture, but one thing is certain—there is no better place for the designer to become a shallow faddist.

Something new! Something new! And it is in the movies that the something new usually originates. Not only is any work done for this industry remunerative, and handsomely; but it is the one field in which the artist, who depends on his art for a livelihood, can earn his well-buttered bread, yet create the things he loves best to paint. Costumes, settings, interiors, jewelry—it is not necessary to mention the many Elysian fields in which the artist's soul might wander.

Among the foremost American designers who have "gone west" are Willy Pogany and Russell Patterson, both modernists, both possessing that indefinable quality which makes them great. They are finding the motion picture industry a fertile field in which to carry on their "Pursuit of Artfulness."

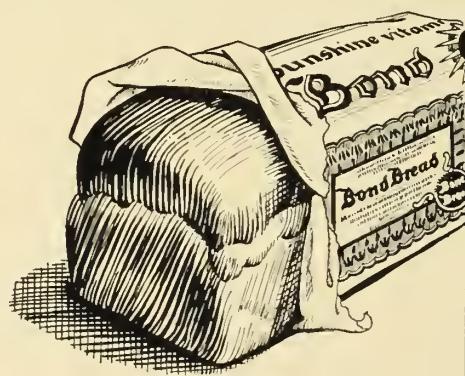
Enough of the more aesthetic ways of applying our design training. There are other less grandiose fields of endeavor. There are the frying pans, flower pots, glassware, and textiles all in need of redesigning. Once we begin, there is no end to the vast multitude of design possibilities open to us. As long as there are designers, and manufacturers willing and eager to improve their products, there is no excuse for ugliness. Even the most commonplace objects can have genuine beauty. Let us then endeavor to carry on our ideals into the outside, keeping our heads up, doing our bit to make this world of ours a more harmonious, more beautiful one in which to live.

HELENA S. GRONCHE '35.



Bond
BREAD
9¢

fresh, dainty, tea sandwiches



NEWSPAPER AD, RUTH COBB



BATTERY BOX, WALTER ROBERTS

CAN LABEL, ROSEMARY BRYAN



ELMWOOD FARM

NET WEIGHT 13OZ

CHICKEN BROTH
WITH RICE



DRAWING FOR PRINCESS SHOE FOLDER, MARGARET SNOW

DRAWING AND PAINTING

THREE is an unfortunate suggestiveness in the name, "Drawing and Painting," an aestheticism which, to the outsider, often implies the study of "art for art's sake."

"So you're in an art school; what are you taking up?" ask our friends; and when we name the course, "Oh," they say. They then regard us pityingly, obviously picturing garrets, mice and stale bread crumbs. We hasten to amend our statement by adding that it is a course in painting and illustration. There is always a visible relief at this information. We are, after all, not above commercialism and an attempt at least to earn a decent living.

Whether we shall earn more through illustration, graphic arts, and portrait painting than we should through the production of the so-called salon pieces it is difficult to say. Like the advertising designer, the portrait painter must compete with the photographer. Since photographs may be made in any desired quantity at reasonable rates, oil portraits, of necessity produced singly, have become a luxury. In days when economy is essential, as during recent years, commissions are few, and in an era of impatience and rush the long sittings are also an objection.

In illustration the opportunity is greater. There is a profusion of magazines, as anyone who has encountered the hordes of subscription collectors knows. Most of these are illustrated. There is also book illustration. Adult books are rarely illustrated now, but the number of children's books appearing on the market increases yearly.

Graphic Arts covers a variety of mediums and types of work, all made for the purpose of reproduction. It touches on most of the selling channels. Etchings and block prints sell to individuals in the original, and reproductions of etchings are often used for illustration. The decorative head and tail pieces seen in books

and magazines also come under the heading of graphic arts, as do book jackets, book plates, and greeting card designs.

The course is a link between design and illustration entering the province of each to a certain extent. The Graphic Arts course has been introduced this year to fill an obvious need of the Drawing and Painting course as previously arranged. It has proved popular, and should more than justify its continuation in the future.

No matter what a student has specialized in, he is sure to meet with one outstanding difficulty after graduation. The world is full of artists with varying degrees of experience, and the problem of making a name for oneself either as a portrait painter or an illustrator is a major one. Even the best known portrait painters are not finding business too brisk, so that a new-comer must be an optimist indeed to expect even a slim living. As for illustrating, the good ones that are "in" keep a tenacious hold on the field, and more power to him who can gain a foothold among them! A few have taken the step into fashion illustration. The practice in figure drawing is a good foundation although the course does not aim to prepare for this vocation.

When we were Freshmen we believed there were just three kinds of people who entered the Drawing and Painting department: those with outstanding talent, those with independent means, and those who were just reckless. There are people in the course with outstanding talent. As for people with independent means, they are rare indeed. As for the others, they have not so much recklessness as an obstinate perseverance, a faith in the doctrine of "one-tenth inspiration and nine-tenths perspiration." If we end our lives sitting in a garret and sharing our crusts with Mickey's and Minnie's less fortunate relations, it will not be because we have not tried.

MARTHA BURNHAM '35.



ETHEL GREEN



TEN MINUTE SKETCH, JOHN ANANIS



ROBERT GRADY



MICHEL GARIEPY



MODELING

THE great of the world are often children of fancy who become so endeared to the hearts of their time and of later generations that the sculptor may well use his art to make permanent memorials of all literary immortals.

How impoverished would be our appreciation of the glorious descriptions of Homeric literature if we did not carry in our minds the sculptured or painted images of Apollo de Belvedere, Venus de Milo, Athena, Jupiter, Andromache, Automedon and the horses of Achilles! How literal and uncompelling for many of us would be the myths of Prometheus, Cheiron, Atlanta, Perseus, Icarus, Atlas, Pan, Bacchus, Hermes, Psyche, and the Muses if we were not familiar with the artistic treatment of these subjects that enrich the Vatican, the Louvre, Radio City, Copley Square Library, and the capitol at Lincoln, Nebraska.

The traveler abroad recalls with pleasure the bronze image of Barrie's immortal child, "Peter Pan," in England, and the likeness of the dream children of Perrault erected by the French.

Recently Hannibal, Missouri, decided to honor itself by paying tribute to Mark Twain. No, it is not a portrait bust or full figure of the venerable old author, but a statue of Tom Sawyer and Huckleberry Finn placed on the hill where years ago Tom and Huck pondered the harshness of Aunt Polly, listened to the crickets, and thought about their futures, not so far from the famous old white-washed board fence. It is the kind of recognition that Samuel Clemens would, no doubt, have preferred—the children of his mind immortalized in bronze.

Atlanta, Georgia, is also erecting a statue of Uncle Remus, including Brer Rabbit, the Tar Baby, and the other beloved characters. It is a memorial to Joel Chandler Harris, but most of us will be much more pleased to see Uncle Remus. It is not that the author's likeness would be uninteresting, for one certainly can enjoy portraits, but in this and similar cases the writer is thought of second to the personages he has made universally known. Therefore, Uncle Remus comes closer to the heart than his creator, which is as Harris would have it.

Bas reliefs could many times take the place of full sized statues, particularly if the author has created several immortal characters instead of one or two. The bas reliefs of Harry Bates, so popular a few years ago, still have a universal appeal. The memorial to Longfellow, in Longfellow Park, Cambridge, is a beautiful carved marble screen portraying Miles Standish, the Village Blacksmith, the Spanish Student, Hiawatha, and Evangeline.

Although many memorials to authors' work have been done, there are innumerable others which would improve the American scene as well as the European. Sculpture at the present, needs some high ideal to reach for—the goal should not be merely the images of pretty plump children playing with frogs and used for garden fountains. As a challenge to their ability, artists may well go to the romantic and ideal creations of literature.

ADELAIDE ALTHIN TOOMBS '36.

THE MODELING STUDIO 1935





GUARDSMAN, GEORGE McKENNA



FISHERMAN, JOHN MOSGOFIAN

TEACHER TRAINING

THE TEACHER TRAINING COURSE offers the student a rich, stimulating, and vital experience. Broad in its scope, it endeavors to give its students a wide culture and a liberal outlook upon life. The course balances its art studies with liberal arts subjects and numerous human contacts. Specifically, if the student likes to deal with human beings, if he likes boys and girls and enjoys working with them, this is the course for him. As a student teacher you will meet many different people: school teachers, principals, and students, both young and old, for the student teacher must know all types and must constantly attempt to learn where and how his chosen field of art can bring him closer to boys and girls everywhere.

In the other departments in the school, the student takes a number of courses in the first two years and gradually narrows his field down to one subject such as sculpture or oil painting. In the teacher training course, however, the student broadens his field by studying more subjects as the years go by. One thinks quickly of such diversified subjects as puppetry, interior decoration, hand weaving, masks, and town planning. But the list goes on to large proportions. However, it must be remembered that the student's special technique is that of teaching, that as the sculptor works

with clay, the teacher's is the most precious and variable medium, human beings.

In his work with boys and girls, the student finds many opportunities to be of real value, for he attempts to make them better citizens by fostering in them a love for the fine and beautiful. He who goes out to teach creates for the designer, the painter, the sculptor, and others engaged creatively in the fine arts, their future audience and patrons.

The graduates of this course take their places as art supervisors or art teachers in normal, high, or grammar schools. Often their interest is so great in some art or craft that they make it their life work.

The personalities of the teachers in this department, under the inspiring leadership of Miss Whittier, offer great contrast; and the schedule is so arranged that the student enjoys a close relationship with them. In the company of certain teachers we meet various professional artists and visit their studios. Altogether, they present us with enriched and valuable scholastic opportunities.

Finally, the Teacher Training Department gives to its students a generous education characterized by vital interests and engrossing art activities.

LAWRENCE E. KUPFERMAN '35.



TEXTILES—Senior Year—Learning the use of looms



METAL CRAFTS—Junior Year—Shaping a copper bowl



TEACHING—Senior Year—Group work with children



MODELING—Junior Year—Coloring papier maché models

A FRESHMAN PEPYS

Up almost betimes, and was mightily pleased to find that we did have my favorite waffles and bacon, albeit I do like such repast better on a day when I may dawdle over it instead of being the only one of three who creeps unwillingly to school. Did tie on my new white wisk—then off to school! Was greatly vexed when half-way to tram to find that I did leave my keys, which are, perforce, my chief worry, back at my domicile, but it being a snow and hard frost did return with little celerity, and so did miss my tram, which did make me feel none too cheery.

Hence was I mightily pleased and greatly relieved in mind when I did perceive one of our beloved faculty's cars to stop and to come to the curb, which faculty did most graciously offer to transport me, wherewithal was moved to contemplate on how very kind and generous is the race of man, and did feel more than grateful for this timely assistance. Upon nearing the Massachusetts School of Art, did see large sign blocking middle of road which did read, "Pleasure vehicles must detour. Road open to trucks only." This restriction not bothering in the least my kind benefactor, we did proceed, he remarking in jocular vein, "We can't read that. It's daytime now and we went only to night school!" which observation did amuse me immensely, and I did therefore give vent (almost too much vent) to hilarious laughter.

Did arrive at school precisely at nine of the clock, that being the hour that classes do begin, and did scamper upstairs with great rapidity of motion, my green smock being half-on and half-off, and my paint brushes slipping from my violent clutch on them, but did succeed, perforce, in not dropping any of them, which was an artistic accomplishment. At my canvas, started Friday last, I did gaze disconsolately, hence my helpful teacher did come and make tactful suggestions, which I did take to heart, and vowed that I should begin to learn to limn in earnest.

From this class to English where I did get bombarded with "Why is Homeric Literature the foundation of the literature of the western world?" this question methought being rather like a bolt and extremely sudden, and my wits being a bit dulled, due to lack of mental exercise for so long a time I dare guess. My ears, I

know, did begin to resemble tomato bisque, such was my embarrassment. Did sympathize keenly with a poor classmate who did not recall Brunhilde to be the favorite Valkyrie daughter of Wotan, and did heartily wish that I might have gotten this question and so saved our class from severe self censure, but on contemplation did decide that the answer would have been scattered from my head with the very asking of the question, so did sigh and did console myself with the thought of like questions that one American, by name Louis H. Sullivan, did have to answer for entrance to Ecole des Beaux-Arts.

To lunch where I did partake of "vegetable plate," the color scheme of which did please me much, and from there to my afternoon class where I did labor over and did finally finish my interpretation of "Empedocles on Etna." (Empedocles being a **character**, and **not** as one of my classmates did guess, a word meaning "scenery!") Was excused early from this class to practise for the Freshman Assembly, my part in said assembly to do some clownish acrobatics, of which I did find out of late that my father does heartily disapprove, it being "unladylike" in his estimation, but at that time I did be unaware of this and so did nearly break myself doing tumbling stunts on the hard wood floor of the auditorium stage; and it being a year since I did indulge in such hearty exercise, I did have my regrets the next day and thereafter.

Then after school by bus and tram to my Boston Club, the Copley Square Library, where I did endeavor to enlighten myself as to why Homeric Literature is the basis of our literature, only I not being able to discover quite so quickly as methought I would, and hence it begun to be dark and was verily quite dark when I did finally return, again by bus and tram, to my warm and cheery home.

Did partake of a hot and tasty supper, and afterwards to sit around the fire, where the discerning **pater familias** did detect the fulness of my mind and the soreness of my limbs, and so did suggest that I go to my room and so to bed, where I did all the night do tumbling stunts with Empedocles on Etna, explain the dynamic symmetry to Paris and Helen whilst they did feverishly depart for Troy, and betimes until the morning broke did hear the even voice of Clio remind me to know the civilizations and their art.

VIRGINIA MAJOR '38.

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